



Åbning
INDVIELSESFESTEN
FOR
Sommerlevers Pool
School in
SVØMMEHALLEN
VED GYMNASIKHØJSKOLEN I OLLERUP
on
DEN 4. JULI 1926.

On Monday
Kl. 3. Paa Stadion:

On Monday
Indmarch af alle Hold med Faner.
Gymnastik af Skolens Sommerelever.
Klassiske Danse udført af Deltagere paa Skolens
Kursus for amerikanske Gymnastiklærere.
Glimaopvisninger og Kampe af 14 unge Mænd
fra Island.
Folkedanse og Sanglege af Skolens Elever.
Gymnastik af udvalgt Hold af mandlige Vinter-
skole-Elever.
Tale af Idrætsinspektør, Kaptajn Holger Nielsen, For-
mand for „Dansk Svømme- og Livredningsforbund“.

On Monday
Kl. 6 1/2. I Svømmehallen:

On Monday
Opvisning af Kunstudspring og Svømning af ameri-
kanske Kursusdeltagere og af Skolens Elever.
(Første halve Time for indbudte Gæster, derefter
for alle).

Niels Bukh.

At School In Denmark

The following is an extract from a letter which was received from Miss Bessie Pitt who is attending the summer classes at the High School of Gymnastics, Ollerup, Denmark.

There are thirty-three of us in the residence, two girls from a 'Y' and a school in Turkey and some English. There are nineteen different schools represented.

The school here is absolutely perfect. Stone buildings with red roofs and heaps of windows that open outwards. They all seem to do that. I have a most gorgeous view from my window. The fields are small and seem to be divided by a row of trees. Some of the farm houses are small white stone ones while others have thatched roofs instead of the common red. There is an awfully pretty thatched cottage near here that has a tiny lake beside it. There is a real old windmill too. It's most fascinating. I could sit and watch it all day. It is on the horizon and its arms wave up into the sky. The stadium is a huge field of short grass with every conceivable thing for games and jumping. Around the outside they have a track. All this is in front of the main school. Here lies the only swimming pool in Denmark. They are very proud of it, it was built by the boys (students) of the school. The King and Queen are coming the first of July to see it. It is 79x25 and so deep! They have all heights of diving boards that take a lot of courage.

The gymnasium is an airy, very light building. Niels Burk teaches from the balcony and doesn't miss a thing. He teaches in Danish mostly so we have to think extra hard.

Yesterday was his birthday and people from all the country came to pay tribute. They gave demonstrations and danced the Danish folk dances in native costume out on the green. The men wore quaint little togues and the tassels bobbed up and down. Here the girls have much long hair and they do it many braided ways, some cartwheels over their ears, and others plain pig-tails. The girls are nearly all fair, golden hair and blue eyes. They are not the extreme heavy type I pictured but are slender and supple. They come from all over this country and Holland and Germany. We're the only ones who speak English. We even number in class in Danish, but my counting is limited to ten.

I think everyone in Denmark owns a bicycle. I was nearly run over at every corner in Copenhagen. They even have traffic regulations and a special road on the streets. Imagine going down Hurontario St. your arms waving traffic signals. Here they have no mercy on you. You get out of the way or die. We were in Copenhagen three days so had time to go around. We were at the Stout Gymnastic Institute where Kimdsen is the leader. He was our intimate friend who wrote our Swedish theory books which we studied at M. E. S. The school was new and built on the same plan as ours here. They had two gyms but no tank. We were taken to a public school where the poor children of Denmark go. You would never guess it. The children were clean, all so fair, and one outstanding feature was their ability to get around without being dragged by a teacher. They marched down stairs in couples and lined up quietly outside without help, all tiny youngsters too. Their school was a brick building, the usual red roof, lovely gardens, and vines covering the sides of the walls. It looked more like an exclusive private school.

The children were taught how to cook and we were treated to their butter cakes which they were making, much like our muffins. They were wonderful too, as all Danish cooking is. The pastry is what we dream of, it simply melts in your mouth. The breakfasts are the only not likeable feature. Porridge is the only cereal on my black list and of course they have it here. Thus I make my breakfast of bread and cheese. They have black bread but I can't go it yet. It smells so sour. Yesterday we were given a Danish delicacy—a plate of sour milk with bread crumbs and brown sugar. How would you like that? Today we had the national dish, rognod, which is impossible to spell, but not to eat. It is made of strained stewed rhubarb stiffened with cornstarch and served cold with sugar and cream. You should try it. They have it after every festivity.

The tiny village of Ollerup near by, is the quaintest spot. The next town is Svenberg and we take the funniest train in. It stops at more stations than ours. It has the funny little compartments. The second class have plush seats. The queerest little cushions dangle behind your neck which resembles the old fashioned tight muff and are the most uncomfortable things. Third class are treated to plain board seats which are a bit hard if you have to go very far.

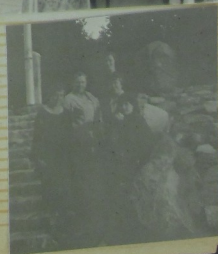
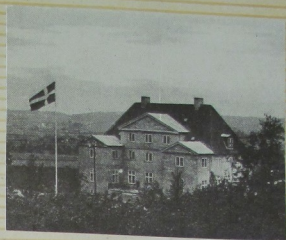
In Svenberg we went shopping and had to use the dumb language. It was a scream. When we had our lunch we ordered fried mackerel and after an age were handed macaroni. Now I carry a dictionary and point out the word.

Did I tell you we were all hiring

bicycles? It will be great as we're quite near the sea and there are so many lovely places to go. I wish you could see the wind-mills and thatched farm houses, they are what I like best. The villages have such narrow streets and the roads are of cobble stones. The stores have the rarest signs. It took me ages to find out the barber signs in Copenhagen. There is a huge brass platter (it looks to me) with a bite out of one side. This is their symbolic sign, I know not why. The butchers have a golden cow's head over their door while the druggists have a deer head. The beer place have a crown with a snakey affair underneath. Others are quite original, keys, kettle, shoes etc.

I went exploring with one of the girls, of course had no idea where we were going. We saw the flower market with the nicest old ladies selling flowers. They all wore coloured kerchiefs over their bonnets and bright aprons. It was a most colourful and lovely sight. Going along a narrow street we came to a huge tower, very round. Not having the faintest idea what it was we decided to investigate. We saw no sign to keep out so we walked boldly in and saw an admission of 25 ore (5c). We paid and started to walk up a brick path, which wound up and up, to our surprise there were no steps. We noticed a number of signs but hadn't the faintest idea what it was. We counted 4 windows on one side as we went up. I thought we would never get to the top but we finally did. We found a door out to the balcony the way round the tower. Here we got a perfect view of the city and found we were going directly opposite from the hotel. Later, with the help of a guide book we found that "Peter the Great" of Russia rode up this weird winding path in 1716, on horseback, and as a duke Empress Katherine followed in a carriage driven by four horses. The tower was built by Christian in 1624 as an observatory. From the top you could see other towers. One of the marble church, built in 1600 by a king who ran short of funds and built the dome of pennies donated by the people. All the buildings seem to be so historical. The king's palace still had the old moat around it. They say he is an extremely tall person, we'll see later. The day he arrives there are over 20,000 people expected. Won't we have fun.

Another interesting castle is Hamlets at Elsinor. We passed very close on the boat and could see the old moat. They are having the 500th Anniversary and are playing Hamlet so I hope we can go. Shakespeare's story is laid there.

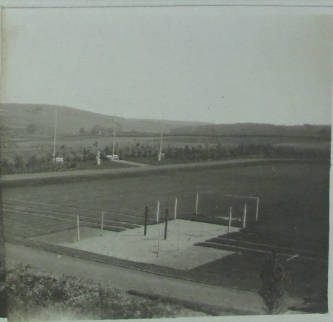


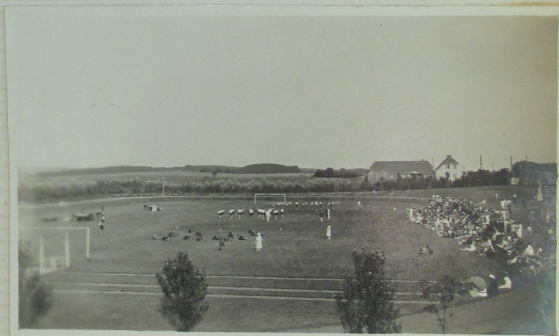
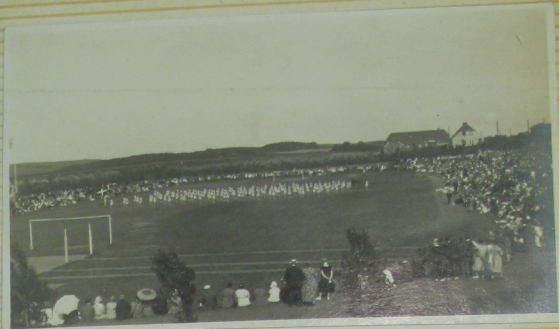


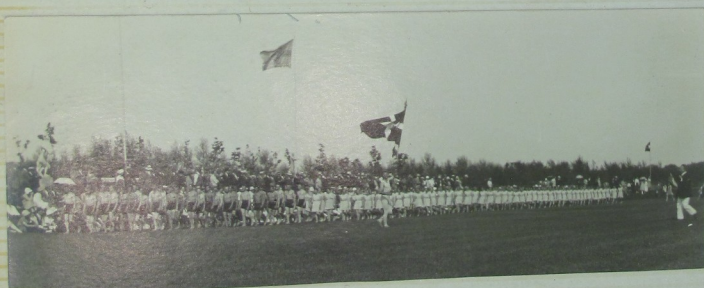


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